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Porcher, Frederick Adolphus

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Craven County, So. Ca.

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Craven County

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HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL SKETCH OF CRAVEN COUNTY, SO. CA.

[FROM THE APRIL NO. OF SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

This *brochure* from the Charleston press* constitutes a sufficient text for us, while we seek to report the domestic and social history, from the earliest known periods, of the region of country in which the scene is laid. Our beginning is fairly made by Oldmixon in his "Carolina." "We come now," saith this old chronicler, to South-Carolina, which is parted from North by Zantee river. The adjacent county is called Craven county: it is pretty well inhabited by English and French; of the latter, there is a settlement on Zantee

* The Golden Christmas: a Chronicle of St. John's, Berkeley. Compiled from the Notes of a Briefless Barrister. By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," "Katharine Walton," etc. Charleston: Walker, Richards & Co. 1852.

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river; and they were very instrumental in the irregular election of the Unsteady assembly. * * * This county sends ten members to the assembly." This is all from him, but it is enough. "The Unsteady assembly" is, itself, a text. We shall expatiate on what he has so briefly said, and add to the extent of the history, if we do not greatly increase its value. Our work is not that of the review exactly; but there is nothing misplaced in subjecting countries to the same treatment which we bestow on books. It is as an old resident that we give our regards to Craven county in South-Carolina.

Local attachments are strongest among the inhabitants of the country. Those especially whose youth has been nurtured among mountains, are bound by a chain, stronger than adamant to the homes of their infancy. The denizen of a crowded metropolis is vain-glorious, perhaps proud, of his city, but he has no love for it. He forms a very insignificant atom in the vast mass of humanity which surrounds him, and he easily transfers his affection to whatsoever portion of the world may contain his household gods. Not so with the rural citizen or the inhabitant of a village. No throng of uninterested spectators ever torments him with a consciousness of his own littleness. He feels that he is a man of note; that he holds a conspicuous and an important place in society; he can calculate the political value of his life. He doubts whether his existence is not necessary to the well-being of the world; and he rewards, with the devotion of his whole heart, the spot which confers such importance upon him.

It has been remarked, in many localities, that the youth who had grown up amid them, however far they may have roamed in quest of fortune, invariably return to close their days within reach of the scenes hallowed by their early associations. It is said that every sweep who ascends the chimneys of Paris, has constantly in his mind the picture of some cherished nook in the Savoy Alps, the hope of returning to which as its owner, gives him courage to toil and fortitude to save the rewards of his labours. Think not, as you view the uninteresting faces of those apparently hapless

children of poverty, that all is dark and desolate within their bosoms. They are animated with a hope which many a more fortunate looking man might envy. Their hearts retain vividly the impressions of happiness once enjoyed, and beat with exultation as each hour of toil brightens the prospect of resuming it. What, to them, are the tall and gloomy chimneys of the gay metropolis? they are the portals through which they approach their Alpine farms. But alas! well has the old French romancer sung:

“Oh ne le quittez pas ; c'est moi qui vous le dis
 Le devant de la porte où l'on jonait jadis ;
 L'église où tout enfant, d'une voix douce et claire
 Vous chantiez à la messe auprès de votre mère ;
 Et la petite école, où trainant chaque pas
 Vous alliez le matin—oh ne la quittez pas.”

He who would be happy amid the scenes of his infancy, must so live as to preserve the freshness of that age. Time and absence efface nearly all that was hallowed to the youthful mind ; and too frequently the success of the young adventurer, instead of leading him to the realization of his happiness, only awakens him from the enjoyment of a delicious day-dream.

Next to mountains, the forest possesses an irresistible charm for the imagination. Its sublime loneliness is relieved by the endless changes which the seasons, in their order, bring forth, and each, in its turn, affects the mind of the beholder. There is an indescribable charm in a northern forest, when the earth is covered with snow, and the bare trees stand as if mourning over the desolation which has overtaken them. But the sweetest sensations are those excited by the pine forests of our southern soil. Here nature dies not, but only takes her rest. Her trees, which give character to the scene, are always verdant, but their verdure has none of the witchery of a more genial season. The tall and branchless monarchs of the forest, rear their heads aloft to meet the rays of the sun, and as they catch the chilling blast which salutes them, utter a low and melancholy murmur of

complaint, as they bow before the mysterious breeze. Nor is the prospect enlivened by the sight of animal life. The solitary woodpecker mingles no melody with the tapping of his bill, as he industriously pursues his food. The hoarse croaking of the crow is in perfect harmony with the scene. The grey squirrel regards, partly with astonishment, partly with alarm, the disturber of his quiet home. The whole scene is the abode of solitude, but not that which depresses the heart.

“To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell—
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flocks that never need a fold;
Alone o’er steeps and foaming falls to lean.
This is not solitude; ’tis but to hold
Converse with nature’s charms, and view her charms unroll’d.”

That portion of Craven county which lies south of Santee river, is marked by this species of solitary grandeur, heightened, however, by an association with former animation. He who travels in winter from the bank of the Santee Canal, towards the East, will find himself in an almost uninterrupted forest of pines. On his left lie the mysterious depths of the Santee Swamp, whose soil, once teeming with the rewards of industry, is now abandoned to the hand of nature: before and around him the tall pines, with their melancholy moan, spread themselves in an apparently impenetrable mass. Here and there a broad and well-worn avenue leading from the wood, or a stately time-honoured mansion, seen in the distance, heightens the sense of solitariness, by suggesting ideas of society. As you proceed, you find yourself in the streets of a village; but the houses are built with a special reference to the preservation of the trees; and the closed doors and windows of these dwellings, their chimneys, from which issues no hospitable smoke, recall vividly to the imagination the idea of a city of the dead. But the neat church, with its modest belfry, suggests the idea

of a christian life; while, on clearing the skirts of the village, a well-beaten track, with all the appointments of a race course, indicates that this eminently southern sport here has its votaries. The road now leaves all vestiges of life, but it is good, and there is something about it, its firm and well-beaten track nearly overgrown with turf, contrasting curiously with the neglected ditches which define its limits on either side, that mysteriously recalls the notion of ancient grandeur—now it crosses one of the great highways to the metropolis; and now appears a low wooden building, containing one apartment, with a table extending nearly its whole length, and benches on either side. This is the clubhouse, where the citizens meet, from time to time, for the unrestrained enjoyment of social and convivial intercourse. At every step as you proceed, you find traces of former industry. Large circular tumuli abound, bearing on their surface trees of venerable age, which have grown up since the mounds were formed in the process of making tar. And now, too, you see the trunks of trees, with their barks neatly and carefully stripped to a great height, presenting, to a lively imagination, the appearance of an innumerable assemblage of tomb-stones. These are the marks of the turpentine gatherers, and this display of the presence of recent activity heightens the impression of the solitude which actually surrounds you.

While the mind is thus carried from one depth of loneliness to another, a dull object appears indistinctly before you; as you approach, its form gradually reveals itself, and soon the old parish church of St. Stephen stands before you—a handsome brick edifice; it stands at the head of one road which comes from the south, and is so situated, that it may be seen at a considerable distance by those who approach it, either from the east or the west, by the main or river road. The church tells a story of former grandeur and of present desolation; though not large, it indicates a respectable congregation; it is finished with neatness, with some pretensions even to elegance, and the beholder involuntarily mourns over the ruin to which it is doomed.* All around it are

* Since this has been written, the public spirit of some of the citizens of Pineville and its vicinity have repaired the church, and divine service is occasionally

graves ; these seem to be, literally, running into the woods : some are marked by stones, which record the virtues of those whose remains now form part of the soil ; some, set apart for families, are enclosed by walls of brick or of perishable timber ; and many are protected from the ravages of obtrusive cattle, by logs rudely piled around the humble mound which covers the deceased. Of the monuments to the dead, some are in perfect harmony with the church ; the stones have fallen from their places, and the eye, with difficulty, deciphers the names of those who have long ceased to be numbered among the inhabitants of earth. Others have all the brightness which indicates that they have just left the hands of the sculptor ; and here and there a melancholy mound is seen, whose freshness shows that time has not yet allowed this last memorial to be offered to departed worth. Here, then, lie the dead of Craven county—here lie those whose taste planned, and whose energy reared, this elegant temple ; and here, too, lie those who, but yesterday, gazed like us upon this strange scene, and experienced the same emotions which now overpower our minds. Here, all is past. To them, the present is an impossibility.—The father and the son, the old and the young, the long forgotten, and the recently loved, all lie here together in one common past, and link it strangely and fearfully with the future !

Before such a scene, what vague and undefined thoughts flit across the mind. If you stand on the north side of the church and look through the open doors, (and they are never closed,) you see a road coming from the south, whose well beaten track the eye can distinguish, until the sense of sight is overpowered by the distance. On the right and on the left, the same dull, unbroken line of road is seen—their well-defined track is all that breaks the monotony of the forest ; and they, perhaps, even add to its impressiveness by opening a vista, through which its extent may be more sensibly felt. Strange and mysterious traces of life and of civilization ! To

performed there. It is, however, doomed to ruin. Situated beyond the convenient reach of the people, it is maintained only by a feeling of reverence for the past. It is not hazarding much to predict that this will not suffice to preserve it for any considerable period.

what end do they appear to have been constructed? In this perfect solitude, whence do they come? Whither do they lead? Strange, that in this spot they should unite! that they all lead to the grave! that one of them must have been the last, over which these innumerable slumberers have been respectively borne!

That portion of Craven county, which lies south of the Santee river, comprises the parishes of St. James, Santee; and St. Stephen's. Its extent to the north of the Santee appears never to have been defined. Near the line which now divides these two parishes, stood the village of Jamestown, remarkable as being one of the principal settlements of the French Huguenots. In 1704, the church of England was, by Act of Assembly, established in South-Carolina, and two years afterwards, the French, of this town were, on their own petition, erected into a parish, and indulged with a ritual in their own language. The whole of that long and narrow tract of land, which extends from the canal to the sea, (about fifty miles,) and lies between the river and those parishes which constituted Berkeley county, was known as Santee parish, which, as it became settled, was distinguished into English and French Santee, from the character of its inhabitants; the former occupying the part since built by the descendants of the latter, and known as St. Stephen's parish. The French emigrants were attracted to three principal points out of Charleston: these were, the head-waters of Ashley river, Wassamassaw; that large feeder of Cooper river, known as French Quarter Creek; and Jamestown.

Lawson, who visited the Santee in 1760, found about fifty French families settled on its banks; but he does not appear to have known of the existence of Jamestown. These Frenchmen, he says, generally follow a trade with the Indians, for which they are conveniently situated. His brief notice of these people proves that they made a very favourable impression upon him. In one passage he says:

“Meeting with several creeks, the French, whom we met coming from their church, were very officious in assisting with their small dories to pass over these waters; they were all clean and decent in their ap-

parel, their houses and plantations suitable in neatness and contrivance. They are all of the same opinion with the church of Geneva, there being no difference among them concerning the punctilios of their christian faith; which union hath propagated a happy and delightful concord in all other matters throughout the whole neighbourhood; living amongst themselves as one tribe or kindred, every one making it his business to be assistant to the wants of his countrymen, preserving his estate and reputation with the same exactness and concern as he does his own; all seeming to share in the misfortunes, and rejoice in the advance and rise of their brethren."

Of these Frenchmen, who were destined to affect so powerfully the social condition of lower Carolina, it were to be wished that our traveller had given some particulars in addition to the above. He mentions having stopped at four houses—those of Mr. Huger, the ancestor of the numerous family of that name; of Mr. Gaillard, sen., and Mr. Gaillard, jr., and of Mr. Gendron.

The name of this last gentleman is extinct, but his blood flows in the veins of a numerous posterity. We, long ago, found a copy of his will, by which it appears that he had a son and five daughters. These married, respectively, Mr. Cordes, Mr. Porcher, Mr. Huger, and Mr. Proileau. To each of them he bequeaths a sum of money and some articles of housekeeping, particularly feather-beds. To a fifth daughter, who was yet unmarried, (*qui reste à marier*) he leaves a double portion. Tradition has married her to a Mr. Doux-saint, without posterity. His son, John, was his residuary legatee; and to him he leaves his coopers' tools, his slaves, both negroes and indians, and, among other enumerated articles, his swivels or cannons. Why a private citizen should be in possession of swivels is not very easily explained. It has been suggested that, about the year 1704, when the colony was at war with the authorities at St. Augustine, the danger of a piratical Spanish invasion might have induced all the substantial citizens on the rivers to provide themselves with these arms. The first page of Mr. Gendron's will is the confession of faith of an humble and grateful christian; and his attachment to his church is exhibited by a moderate legacy to the churches at Jamestown and Charles-

ton—which, he says, “they shall continue to enjoy so long as they are reformed as they are at present.”

This respectable emigrant has not obtained a name in history, but the traditions of Craven county still preserve it in connection with a little incident, which, in the hands of Sterne, might have served as the ground-work of an immortal work. Business having carried Mr. Gendron to Charleston, his absence was so long and so unaccountably protracted, that his friends supposed him to have been lost. On Sunday, while assembled at their house of worship in Jamestown, the preacher from his pulpit saw approaching, up the river, the canoe of his long-lost friend. Forgetting, in his joy, the sermon which he had prepared, with the exclamation, “Voila, Mr. Gendron!” he announced his safe arrival, and rushed out, followed by the delighted congregation, to welcome him whom they had mourned as dead.

Mr. John Gendron, the son of this gentleman, is mentioned by Capt. Palmer, in the Appendix to Ramsay’s South-Carolina, as the commander of a company of Charleston militia in the war against the Yemasseees in 1715. Though never holding a commission higher than that of a colonel, yet, from being a very long time the senior colonel in the province, he was, by courtesy, invested with the title and dignity of a brigadier. His daughter married Mr. John Palmer, the father of the author of the article just referred to, and with him the name became extinct in South-Carolina.

The French emigrants to this province appear to have been governed by a principle of common sense which reflects infinite credit on their character. They regarded Carolina as their home. Having placed themselves under the protection of the British crown, they resolved to conduct themselves like faithful subjects. Hence no attempt was made to perpetuate the remembrance of a distinct nationality. Their children were not encouraged to speak French; and the great charity which they founded, bears the name, not of a sect, nor of a foreign nation, but the catholic name of that colony which they had adopted as their native land.*

* The South-Carolina Society; which arose from the Two-Bit Club, A. D. 1737.

Still, however, in their domestic life, traces of their origin may be discovered. The pillau is a common dish upon their tables, and I believe that in every Huguenot house on Santee, that cake, which the English know as the waffle, is called the gauffre. In summer the superfluous fresh beef is still *jerked* for keeping, and potted beef and venison still continue to delight the senses of the people with their grateful savour. We are uncertain whether the general preference of coffee over tea is the result of an hereditary national taste, or whether it originated in the superior cheapness of the former article. Names still preserve their old pronunciations in that region, and, in spite of the refinements and improvements of modern society, the Duboses and Marions are pertinaciously called Debusk and Mährion.

Of the public life of those worthy emigrants who found a home on the banks of the Santee, few, if any, traces are to be found in our histories. The English portion of the population appear to have viewed them with feelings of hostility. In the disturbances which occurred during the turbulent administration of Gov. Moor, they are represented as having yielded too readily to the wishes of the constituted authorities, and to have aided materially in returning to the Assembly, members who were disposed to second and forward the ambitious views of the governor. During the administration of Sir Nathaniel Johnston, who succeeded Gov. Moor, Mr. John Ash was sent by the English dissenters to plead their cause against the usurpations of the High Church party. In his representation of the affairs of the colony, he says : "That at the election for Berkley and Craven counties, the violence of Mr. Moor's time, and all other illegal practises, were with more violence repeated, and openly avowed, by the present governor and his friends: Jews, strangers, sailors, servants, negroes, and almost every Frenchman in Craven and Berkley counties, came down to elect, and their votes were taken, and the persons by them voted for, were returned by the sheriffs." At this time it appears that Charleston was the only place in the colony at which polls were opened, and here it was necessary for citizens from every county to come, in order to enjoy the elective fran-

chise.* The Assembly they elected, established the Church of England in the colony, but with such provisions, that the Bishop of London, and the Society for Propagating the Gospel in America, resolved not to send or support any missionaries in the province, until the act, or the clause relating to the establishment of lay commissioners, should be annulled.

Oldmixon says that the law was declared null and void by Queen Anne, at the suggestion of the House of Lords; but, as the act still remains on the statute book, and the church continued from that date (1704,) to receive the aid of the state, as well as of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, it is more likely that the offensive clauses were rendered inoperative, without being formally annulled. The act of conformity was passed by a vote of twelve members against eleven dissentients. A full house numbered thirty members, so that this act was passed by little more than a third of the whole house. Every dissenter was thereupon turned out of his seat, and his place supplied by the person, being a churchman, who had the most votes next to him. In six months afterwards, the same Assembly, in a full house, passed a bill to repeal the act, but it was rejected in the upper house, and the governor, in great indignation, dissolved the Commons' House, by the name of the Unsteady Assembly.

* Such appears to have been the custom. Mr. F. Yonge, in his account of the revolutionary proceedings in 1719, declares it to have been so. The subject, however, is not very clear. In the first place, it would have been difficult, in a town devoted to the dissenting interest, for the concourse of voters from Colleton and Craven counties to create such disturbances as Oldmixon describes; and, secondly, the Act of Assembly of 1804, for better ordering elections, clearly intimates, though it does not direct, that a poll should be opened in each county. It provides—1st. That no votes be taken by proxy; 2d. That if the sheriffs neglect to hold a poll in a county, the people may vote in the adjoining one; and, 3d. That the polls shall be held in an open and public place. But those counties had not, at that time, any Court House, and Mr. Yonge declares that the whole House of Assembly was chosen in Charleston, until the administration of Gov. Daniel, (1718,) when it was enacted that every parish shall send a certain number of delegates, (36 in all,) who shall be ballotted for at their respective churches, or other convenient place, by virtue of writs directed to the church wardens, who were to make a return of the persons elected. It was the veto upon this act by Gov. Johnson, at the suggestion of Mr. Rhett and Chief Justice Trott, which was one of the leading causes of the revolution of 1719, which shook off the Proprietary government.

During this period of the colonial existence, the only part of Craven county which was settled, was that portion now known as St. James' Santee, and, soon afterwards, called French Santee, to distinguish it from what was afterwards St. Stephen's Parish, or, as it was formerly called, English Santee. The legal separation of the two parishes was effected in 1754, and the brick church, which we have noticed in the early part of this essay, was commenced in 1762.

It has not been the lot of this section of country, to produce many persons whose names have filled a niche in the temple of fame. The virtues of its citizens have been of a character more domestic, than those which generally receive the chaplet of immortality. Engaged in the quiet and all-absorbing pursuits of agriculture, they cared not to stir in the bustling world of politics; and, as a proof of the contented spirit of the people, it may be remarked, that in the war of the revolution, a large number adhered to the king.

Agriculture and Indian trade were the occupations of the early French settlers; the latter source of profit was extinguished by the gradual settlement of the country—the former continued to give wealth to its votaries. The French, from the quarter of Wassamassaw, gradually left their seats and settled on the fertile bank of the Santee, and, by the commencement of the revolution, English Santee, or St. Stephens', had passed almost entirely into their hands.

Among the French, an individual, whose name has not transpired, adopted a pursuit which many will suppose characteristic. "A French dancing-master," says Oldmixon, "settling in Craven county, taught the Indians country dances, to play on the flute and the hautboy, and got a good estate; for it seems the barbarians encouraged him with the same extravagance as we do the dancers, singers and fiddlers of his countrymen."

One citizen of this parish, has earned for himself a name in the world of letters; and it is strange that Ramsay, who appears to have sought eagerly after Carolinian celebrities, should have entirely ignored his existence. Thomas Walter, an English gentleman, whose devotion to the cause of science led him to the wilds of Carolina, was attracted by

the charms of Miss Peyre, of St. Stephens—married her and settled there. He devoted himself particularly to the pursuit of Botany; and the curious are still occasionally rewarded by a visit to his garden, the ruins of which may still be seen near the banks of the Santee canal. He is the ancestor of one branch of the Porcher family, and of the Charlton family of Georgia. His book, the *Flora Caroliniana*, which was printed in London, in 1789, is dated ad Ripas Fluvii Santee.

Walter was married a short time before the battle of Black Mingo. Among the loyalist officers who were defeated on that occasion, was Mr. John Peyre, the brother of Mrs. Walter. Marion's patience had been sorely tried by the pertinacity with which these gentlemen maintained the conflict, and for this reason, and perhaps as a sort of retaliatory measure for the unjustifiable deportation of the Charleston prisoners to St. Augustine, he vowed a terrible revenge against any who might hereafter fall into his hands. It was Mr. Peyre's fate to be captured, and to experience this revenge. He was allowed none of the privileges awarded to prisoners of war, but sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping; and there, for several months, dragged out a miserable existence in a loathsome dungeon; when at length, released, he was unceremoniously turned into the street, almost naked and altogether miserable. In his distress, he accosted a Quaker in the street, whose benevolent face attracted him. The Quaker heard his story, and taking fifty dollars from his pocket, gave them to him, advising him to procure decent clothing, and go home. Mr. Peyre earnestly entreated that he might learn the name of his generous benefactor, in order that, when in his power, he might discharge the obligation; but the old man refused. "Consider this money," said he, "as a loan; and you will sufficiently discharge it by giving to any one whom you shall find in circumstances of similar distress."

The name of Peyre, once an honoured and a flourishing name in this parish, is now extinct. The last who bore it was Thomas Walter Peyre, grandson of the botanist, a gentleman whom none knew but to love, honour and esteem. Mo-

dest and retiring, even to a fault, he was, in all other respects, a perfect model of a useful country gentleman. His home was the abode of religion, order, skill, economy and enlightened liberality. His friends were devoted, and the rectitude of his principles, and the general amiability of his conduct, gained him the good will and respect of all. His death has caused a chasm in his circle, which will not be filled whilst the freshly turned turf continues to announce the recentness of his decease : and, as he never married, the name of Peyre was buried in his grave.

Though the body of Marion reposes in a grave in St. Stephen's parish, Craven county cannot number him among her notabilities. Both Georgetown and St. John's Berkley claim the honour of his birth. The latter was, unquestionably, the place of his residence.

But the widow of General Marion certainly did live and die in St. Stephen's parish ; and there also lived a large number of his friends, relations and companions in arms. There, especially, was his memory revered ; and there, to this day, you will hear but one opinion expressed respecting the merits of Weems's life of Marion—that of unmitigated disgust.

We have not the smallest disposition to detract from the merit of General Marion. We have a child's recollection of his widow ; we never knew her but as my grand-mama, for so she insisted on being called by every child ; and we have been taught to believe, as an article of religion, that her husband was vilely treated by his reverend biographer. We have seen this book circulating in every part of the United States, and were always ready, to the expressions of admiration with which its perusal is every where else greeted, to reply with the scornful sneer of superior knowledge, that Marion's friends rejected the book as a libel on his fair fame. The indignation with which the book was received, is hardly yet appeased. The offended widow loudly declared that she would willingly, if in her power, punish the transgressor with stripes ; and numerous friends sympathised with her outraged feelings. But now that nearly fifty years have passed, what is the true estimate to be placed upon the

book? Next to Washington, what general of revolutionary memory has so wide a fame? From the Hudson to the extremity of the Far West, from Florida to the Falls of St. Anthony, his name is perpetuated in towns, counties and colleges. And what is the cause of this unusual popularity? Surely not the brief notices of his exploits in any general history of the war. Surely not the extensive-circulation of his biography by Judge James.* No; it is the irresistible influence of Weems's book—a work whose popularity daily increases; and which is destined to transmit to posterity, in colours ever brightening, the memory of the active and clever leader of the undaunted whigs of Carolina. Peaceful be the repose of the venerable lady and her generous allies; they owe to their supposed columniator, a debt of gratitude. For, so long as Marion's name shall be honoured, posterity will reverence the virtuous lady who blessed him with her love.

It is well known that General Marion never had a child. With that instinctive desire of living in posterity, which clings to us, and becomes more urgent as we advance towards the termination of our career, he adopted a nephew, who assumed his name. But by a singular fatality, this gentleman, who was twice married, and had eleven daughters, never had the happiness to see a son. Two young men, great-nephews of the general, are all who are left to perpetuate this ancient Huguenot name. It is to be hoped that they will be mindful of the sacred duty committed to them, and faithfully discharge it.

The most eminent military character which the revolution produced, in this parish, was Col. Hezekiah Maham. Like the respected names of Gendron and Peyre, this, too, has become extinct. Maham was a colonel of cavalry in the revolutionary war, and was distinguished, not only for his gallantry, but, also, for a certain skill in the art of reducing fortified places. It was at his suggestion that the expedient was first adopted, (similar, by the way, to the method prac-

* We do not mention Simms's Biography, because that having been executed within a few years, has had, and could have had, no influence in producing this effect.

tised in the middle ages,) of constructing, against such places, a tower of logs, so high as to command them. This was first practised at Fort Watson, and the description of Weems which I give, is all that can be wished. "Finding that the fort mounted no artillery, Marion resolved to make his approaches in a way that should give his riflemen a fair chance against the musqueteers. For this purpose, large quantities of pine logs were cut, and as soon as dark came on, were carried in perfect silence within point blank shot of the fort, and run up in the shape of large pens or chimney stacks, considerably higher than the enemy's parapets. Great, no doubt, was the consternation of the garrison, next morning, to see themselves thus suddenly overlooked by this strange kind of steeple, pouring down upon them, from its blazing tops, incessant showers of rifle bullets. * * * * Our riflemen lying above them, and firing through loopholes, were seldom hurt; while the British, obliged, every time they fired, to show their heads, were frequently killed." Weems, who does not once mention Maham's name in his book, ascribes the invention solely to Marion. Lee, on the contrary, gives Maham credit, both for the design and the execution; and he frequently, afterwards, speaks of the Maham tower, as an efficient and decisive means of reducing the simple forts of the interior.

Not the least evil attendant upon civil war, is, that notions of right and wrong become so confounded in our minds, that we are more disposed to reconcile morality with practice, than practice morality. They who see acts of aggression and violence practised with applause, are apt to forget, that they are commendable only under the severe law of necessity, and that under other circumstances, they are rightly considered as crimes. Men, whose opinions are entitled to respect, have not hesitated to ascribe the public crimes, which not long since afflicted England, to the violences which the circumstances of civil war justified or excused; so that many a marauder and highwayman only continued as a crime, that course of life which he had been encouraged to commence as a duty.

These consecutive evils of civil war were felt in Carolina.

After the revolution, the highways were unsafe. Many now living, recollect that persons rarely ventured to travel the Goose Creek road without arms; and the public execution of a man and his wife, in Charleston, for highway robbery, as late as 1820, bear fearful testimony to the insecurity of life and property, even in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Besides highway robbery, horse-stealing was a common crime. Many engaged in it; but two individuals, by name Roberts and Brown, organized it, and conducted it as a matter of business. One, or both of these men, was hanged in Charleston, in 1789. They had their agents and depots arranged and organized; and from the Santee to the wilds of Florida, they and their confederates were at once the nuisance and the terror of the country.

Mr. Thomas Palmer lived on his plantation, on Fair Forest Swamp. Like other planters of the times, he possessed a large and valuable collection of horses, one of which, called Fantail, was an especial favourite. Early one morning, he discovered that his stables had been opened in the night, and his best horses stolen. The alarm was quickly spread, and in a few hours a party of gentlemen set off, under the lead of Col. Maham, in pursuit of the stolen property. It was difficult to track the fugitives, but as suspicion naturally rested on Roberts and his gang, they directed their course towards Orangeburg, which was one of his head-quarters. After travelling a few miles, they met Mr. René Ravenel, who being informed of the object of their search, informed them, that having been out early that morning, he had seen a horse, about a quarter of a mile off, crossing the road—that a momentary glance at the hinder part of the animal, which was all that he saw, convinced him that it was Mr. Palmer's horse. The circumstance would have passed from his memory, but for this meeting. He conducted the party to the spot; numerous tracks were found, and the party, now confirmed in their suspicions, continued with renewed alacrity, determined to make a certain house in Dean Swamp the first object of their visit.

A short time before night-fall, they approached the house,

and determined to remain concealed until the night should be well advanced. A horse was heard to neigh; several answered, and Mr. Palmer, turning to Col. Maham, said: "Uncle Maham, I'll pledge my life that that is the voice of Fantail." A country man happening to pass, was detained as a prisoner. He acknowledged that he was bound to the house which the party intended to visit, and acquainted them that a large gathering of men and women was expected there that night for a frolic. With this information, they were sure of their game; and having divided themselves into a convenient number of parties, they separated, appointing to approach the house on a certain signal, which would be given by Col. Maham. Every thing succeeded. When the noise within indicated that the frolic was going on fast and furious, the signal was given; the parties simultaneously entered the house, and the marauders found themselves suddenly affronted by armed guests, whose presence boded them no good. They fled. The women, on the contrary, fought boldly; and Col. Maham declared, that if they had been seconded by their gallants, the pursuing party would have been defeated. Aided by the courageous defence of the ladies, most of the marauders escaped; the captured were summarily disposed of; each was tied to a tree and flogged. The party then, recovering their stolen horses, returned homewards, leaving their prisoners, each at his tree, to be relieved when their friends should have recovered sufficient courage to go to their assistance.

Whatever may have been Col. Maham's reputation as a soldier, it appears that he had rather crude notions of the duties of the citizen. He became indebted, and his creditor was importunate. Recourse was had to legal process, and a sheriff's officer proceeded to serve him with a writ.

One morning, just as the colonel was about to sit down to his breakfast, a stranger was announced. He went out to give him a hospitable greeting, and was instantly served with a writ. The old whig surveyed the document with feelings of astonishment and indignation. That he, who had perilled his life and fortune in defence of his country's liberties, should be thus bearded in his own castle, and threat-

ened with the loss of his own, was a thought not to be borne; and he instantly determined to make the unfortunate instrument of his creditor the victim. He returned the parchment to the officer, with an order (and the colonel never gave a vain order) that he should instantly swallow it; and when the dry meal was fairly engulfed, he brought the man into the house and gave him good liquor to wash it down.

But the colonel discovered, like too many others who had borne the burden and heat of the day, that the civil power was in the ascendant, and that writs are not to be served up as a morning's meal. He fled the country, and remained an exile until the difficulty was removed by the intervention of his friends. He died as he had lived, on his plantation on Santee Swamp, and was buried there. His house was destroyed by fire many years since; but we remember to have seen its chimneys standing. Within a few years, a massive marble monument, visible from the road, has been erected over his grave, by his descendant, Lieut. Gov. Ward.

Until the year 1794, the citizens of this parish, like those of every other part of the State, lived always on their plantations, throughout the year. Some of the more wealthy had town residences, to which they resorted, partly for health, but chiefly for the convenience of educating their children.

The period between the close of the war and 1794, was full of disaster to the agriculturist. The bounty on indigo, which, under the fostering care of Great Britain, had rendered that plant the staple of South-Carolina, having been of course withdrawn, indigo became thenceforth an unprofitable culture. The Santee swamp, which appeared, at one time, to be an inexhaustible source of wealth, had become, from the frequency, the greatness and the irregularity of the freshets in the river, extremely precarious; and many a planter, the amount of whose possessions would have ranked him among the wealthy, saw in his wealth only an increase of expense, and felt all the privations of poverty. In the year 1794, cotton was first cultivated in St. John's parish by

General Moultrie, and, in two years after, it became the staple of the country.

It had been observed that those persons who lived in the pine lands, were usually exempt from those distressing autumnal intermittent fevers, which are the bane of our country; and several gentlemen determined to avail themselves of this fact, for the purpose of improving the social condition of the country. Accordingly, in 1794, Capt. John Palmer, Capt. Peter Gaillard, Mr. John Cordes, Mr. Samuel Porcher, Mr. Peter Poreher and Mr. Philip Poreher, built for themselves, houses in the pine land, near to each other, and thus laid the foundation of Pineville, the oldest settlement of the kind in the southern country. The experiment proved successful, and in a few years, it became the summer residence of the planters of St. Stephen's parish, and of those of upper and middle St. Johns.

Pineville is situated on a low flat ridge, thickly covered with pines, and dotted with small ponds and savannahs. It lies two miles south of Santee swamp, and five miles from the river. Though the principal growth is pine, it is not what we call a pine barren; for the red oak and the hickory, which flourish on a soil under which the clay lies at no great depth, indicate a considerable degree of natural fertility. On the south, about a quarter of a mile from the nearest house, meanders the Crawl branch—a swampy stream, which, a few miles below, feeds the Santee by the name of the Horsepen creek; at the same distance to the north, is Marge swamp, a huckleberry bay, without any decided water course, which protrudes from the Santee swamp. At the period of its greatest prosperity, the village contained about sixty substantial and well built houses; each situated in a lot of from one to two acres in area. The pine trees were religiously preserved, not only within the lots, but without. Those which were uninclosed, being the property of the public, were protected by a fine of five dollars, imposed on any person who should cut down, or by any wanton injury, threaten the life of a tree.

An opinion generally prevails, that the village lost its

healthfulness in consequence of the violation of these regulations by the people ; who cut down their trees, and cultivated gardens. Never was opinion more erroneous. In all of the original lots, traces of cultivation may be seen. It was not then considered dangerous to indulge in the luxury of a garden. Farms, too, appeared in close neighbourhood to the village. On the west, Greenfield farm might be seen from the village. Clark's farm lay between it and the Crawl ; and to the south-west, the Polebridge farm of Mr. Thos. Palmer, could be seen from our father's house. But in 1834, all this had been long changed. Not a garden cheered the eye of a resident ; and the corporation of the Pineville Academy had purchased all these farms, and abandoned them to the possession of the pines, for the purpose of insuring the healthfulness of the place.

Health, the primary object for which Pineville was settled, being attained, the other objects soon followed, of course. In 1805, a grammar school was established, and chartered under the name of the Pineville Academy, and commenced a prosperous career under the administration of Mr. Alphæus Baker, a native of New Hampshire. Mr. Baker's reputation attracted students from various parts of the country, and his administration was, ever afterwards, regarded as a standard by which the merit of any of his successors was to be judged. He was followed, successively, by Mr. Lowry, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Stevens, all of South-Carolina ; Mr. Gordon, of Maine, Mr. Gillet, of Vermont, Messrs. Cain, Daniel and Furman, of South-Carolina ; Messrs. Fisk, Houghton, Gere and Leland, of Massachusetts. On the death of the last named gentleman, in 1836, of the prevailing epidemic, all confidence in the healthfulness of the village being lost, the exercises of the school were, for several years, suspended.

Besides these gentlemen here named, others were occasionally employed as assistants, whenever the number of scholars justified the expenditure ; and until the breaking up of the village, in 1836, the state of the school generally warranted the employment of an assistant. The principal teacher was elected by the Board of Trustees, for one year.

He was provided with a house, received a salary of a thousand dollars, and was required to receive a certain number of boarders at a fixed rate. These boarders were for the winter months only, as their parents were generally in the village in summer. It would, perhaps, be invidious to notice, more particularly, any of these gentlemen. I shall make one exception. Mr. Yorick Sterne Gordon appeared before the Trustees, with credentials from the highest authority in New England. A letter from the venerable Jedediah Morse, secured his election. He went to Pineville with a large collection of school books, all of which he introduced into the Academy, and on his first appearance in the school-room, spoke so threateningly to the boys, that such an impression was made on their minds, that he never had occasion to resort to punishment. He exacted lessons from the boys of inordinate length, and many a tear have we shed when bed-time found us with our task not more than half accomplished. Never did man so completely subdue the spirits of a set of boys. And yet, out of school, he was sociable, and appeared disposed to promote their little pleasures but still he was uncertain, and had we been more conversant with the world, we should have called him capricious. At a certain hour, every day, he was in the habit of retiring from the school-house, to his dwelling, where he would spend a short time; on his return, he was observed never to follow the beaten path, but to approach the school-house by zig-zag lines; and, to our simple apprehensions, this strange conduct was supposed to be directed with a view of keeping the window of the school-house always in sight, so that he could watch the boys, even when he was not present. How long this fascination might have lasted, I cannot say; for, in less than three months after his installation, the spring holidays, for a fortnight, commenced; and before they were over, Mr. Gordon was dead. He died of delirium tremens, and his assistant declared that he had not been sober a single day since his arrival.

The people of Pineville, would never become a corporate body. All administrative powers were, therefore, assumed by the Board of Trustees. Those being overseers of a

school, they gradually became the council of a town, thus happily illustrating the insidious progress of usurpation. They acquired, either by gift or purchase, all the unoccupied lands, and as owners of the soil, made such wholesome regulations as circumstances appeared to demand.

In addition to the school, a public library was organized. This, we believe, was originated by the public spirit of Mr. Robert Marion, formerly a member of Congress from the Charleston District. The first house used for the purpose, had been a chapel of ease to the parish church, about two miles to the west of the village. After the erection of the church in Pineville, this chapel became useless, and it was taken down and rebuilt in Pineville. A partition wall divided it into two rooms, whereof the inner one was set apart for the reception of books, and the outer, being a sort of anti-chamber, was used on public occasions as a town hall. In this room, the patriots usually celebrated the fourth of July, and on that day the walls, which had formerly echoed only to the sound of anthems and holy songs, were made to resound with the noise of revelry and uproarious patriotism. In 1826, a new library building was erected, and the old one, being sold at public auction, was purchased by a person who used the materials for the construction of a livery stable. As it is fashionable to call all libraries select, we suppose we must apply the epithet to this one also. But as we cannot find any catalogue of books, which exceeds a thousand volumes, we are constrained to add, that it does not appear to reflect much credit on the literary enterprise of the citizens. With the destruction of Pineville, that of the library followed. The books were either lost or destroyed: and we doubt whether the shelves now contain a single volume.

The citizens of Pineville being all planters, long residents in the country, and, for the most part, descendants of the Huguenots] of Santee parish, were almost, as a matter of course, attached to the Episcopal church. For several years after the foundation of the village, divine service continued to be performed in the parish church. But the course of events changed completely the condition of the parish,

and by the year 1808, the church was, as it were, left in the wilderness, and the service discontinued. For a short period, Mr. Baker officiated every Sunday, as lay reader in the chapel, near the village, and it was then determined to enjoy the advantages of religious worship at home. A neat wooden church was accordingly erected in the village, and placed under the rectorship of the Rev. C. B. Snowden. Chapels for winter service, by the same rector, were soon afterwards erected in St. John's Berkley, at Black Oak, and the Rocks; so that, though there were three different places of worship, the congregation was considered but one.

The erection of the two chapels in St. John's Berkley gave rise to a law-suit of a singular character, which completely destroyed the social relations existing between the upper and lower portions of that parish; but as this is foreign to the history of Craven county, we shall not notice it here.

After a service of about ten years, Mr. Snowden retired from the rectorship of the church, and was succeeded by the Rev. D. J. Campbell, who died at his post, in 1840. The churches were then vacant for nearly three years, until, in 1842, they were filled by the present worthy and efficient rector, Mr. W. Dehon, who is assisted by the Rev. C. P. Gadsden.*

In the olden time, a sermon was preached every Sunday morning. In the afternoon, the congregation re-assembled, and evening prayers were read. No sermon followed; none was expected; I may add, none was desired.

In most country churches there is some difficulty about singing. Many, who can sing, shrink from the notoriety of assuming the functions of chorister, and, very often, the office is discharged by one who has no merit beyond his zeal to recommend his performance. This difficulty was generally experienced in Pineville, and the whole service was frequently performed without music. Old Capt. Palmer, the patriarch of the village, certainly possessed no musical talents, but he had zeal, and fancied that he could accomplish the hundredth psalm. This was, accordingly, the standing psalm of the morning; and the old chorister, taking courage from his success, would, at times, boldly undertake other

* Mr. Gadsden is now Assistant Rector of St. Philips Church, Charleston.

pieces of music. Now, it is always the fate of a country chorister to be the object of envy. They who witness his success, are apt to fancy that they can do equally well. It so happens, therefore, that the chorister is liable to perpetual attacks, and if he is not very prompt, will find the song taken out of his mouth by these pretenders. So hath it ever been. So was it with Capt. Palmer. Others attempted to take the lead; but the indignant musician was not to be driven from his post. Sing he would; and it was not uncommon for a whole stanza to be sung at the same time to two different tunes. In the end, however, all competition ceased, and the old gentleman reigned undisputed Director of Music.* It cannot be denied that, for a considerable period, our prophecy had a literal fulfilment in Pineville, for the songs of the temple were howlings. One incident occurred there lately, of so ludicrous a character, that I cannot help narrating it, though it may appear inconsistent with the dignity of history. The rector was in feeble health; he had given out a hymn to be sung before the sermon, and retired to the vestry-room to make the usual change of his vestments. The worthy chorister, who from his place could see indistinctly into the vestry-room, fancied that he saw the rector in a recumbent position, and imagined that, fatigued with the morning service, he was taking repose. Determined, therefore, to allow him ample time to rest himself, he had no sooner finished the hymn, than he recommenced it, and sang it over again, to the astonishment of the whole congregation, as well as of the rector, who had entered the pulpit unperceived by his worthy friend, and was quietly waiting for the music to cease, in order to begin his sermon.

About the year 1822 or 1823, a peripatetic singing-master

* This difficulty appears, by an old tradition, to have been unfelt by our ancestors. Their zeal was frequently too ardent, and the delicate ear of the parson was in danger of being overpowered by strong and discordant voices. Mr. Richebourg, the pastor of Jamestown, whose attachment to Mr. Gendron was so *naively* exhibited, as described in our notice of Jamestown, was not blinded, by his friendship into any indiscreet admiration of his voice. Thus, after announcing the hymn, he would say: "Don't sing, Mr. Gendron: your voice is like a goat's; you be quiet. Mr. Guerry, your voice is sweet; you may sing." I presume Capt. Palmer inherited both the voice and the zeal of his great ancestor.

visited Pineville, and, partly for the purpose of improvement in psalmody, partly to vary the general monotony of village life, the young people formed a class, which he instructed every alternate Saturday.

All professional singing-masters have something odd about them. Their vocation is to teach sacred music ; and whether it is, that they are labouring to reconcile their manners with the supposed dignity of their employment, or whether it is owing to something in the very nature of the calling, which makes the profession ridiculous, we cannot determine. Certain it is, however, that from the time of David Gamut, (who, by the way, was not created when *our* singing-master flourished,) down to the itinerant professor of Tinkum, the professor of the science of psalmody has ever been the butt of ridicule. Burbidge, the Pineville professor, was no exception ; but, owing to the habitual gravity of his scholars, he experienced less, perhaps, than most others have done elsewhere. Who he was, or whence he came, we could never learn. Regularly, on every alternate Saturday, he was at his post in the church, instructed his class, and after partaking of the hospitality of a friendly bachelor, who most irreverently made game of him, he appeared at church next day and comforted the heart of the good rector by discharging, *ex cathedra*, the office of chorister. This done, he disappeared, and no more was heard of him for a fortnight. He was a brownish man, about the middle size, with jet black, curly, or ratherish kinky hair, very *knock-kneed*, and his skin-tight nankeen trowsers scarcely reaching below the calf, displayed this perfection of his figure to the greatest advantage. At that time, psalmody was always taught by means of what was called *solmization*, or a systematic arrangement of the syllables, *sol, la, mi, fa*, by which a tune was sung in all of its parts without any reference to the words ; and the great point for the learner to ascertain in order to accomplish this, was to determine the place of *mi*. Now, we have no doubt all this was no more intelligible to Burbidge than it is to the greater part of our readers. To supply the deficiency of ignorant teachers, books were printed, in which these mystic syllables are indicated by the shape

of the notes ; but these, of course, would never be employed by a really competent teacher. This book, however, Burbidge used. His class was arranged in three divisions, forming three sides of a square ; on the right sat the bass, in the centre the air, and the treble on the left. He stood in the centre. Then, after preluding a few notes, giving the pitch to each of the parts in succession, the music would commence, and he, with the palm of his left hand turned upwards, and that of his right downwards, would beat time, imitating the motions of a top sawyer. His class was decorous, but decorum could not always resist the strange effect of his solemn motions. We have seen *mæstri* in various opera houses in Europe and America, and have sometimes laughed at the enthusiasm they displayed ; but never did we see one more thoroughly occupied in admiration of his work, than this humble *mæstro* of the village school.

Humble as he was, however, he produced fruit which was destined to be permanent. From the practice of singing in the class, confidence was acquired, and the church was no longer dumb. The humble foundation being laid, a better taste began to develop itself. But some of his tunes possessed sterling merit, and in the psalmody of those churches tunes are still sung, which were taught to the parents of the present generation by the obscure Burbidge.

All the objects which were hoped to result from the founding of Pineville were now accomplished. The people were blessed with health, a school flourished, and placed the means of a classical education within the reach of many who would otherwise have wanted that advantage, and a church was opened every Sunday for religious worship. Let us now devote a short time to the consideration of social and domestic life in Pineville.

The inhabitants were all planters. They met without any consciousness of social inequalities, and as there were no persons either above nor beneath them, their manners were distinguished by the most perfect simplicity and absence of every sort of affectation. They were all cotton planters, and had, therefore, the same interests, the same wishes, the same hopes, the same fears. In process of time, by means

of intermarriage, they were all connected with each other and related by blood, so that it was a community in which the most perfect unity of sentiment and of thought prevailed. Their habits of living were as simple as their manners. It was long before any enterprising person conceived the idea of opening a market, so that the planters were supplied from the produce of their farms. On a certain day in every week a calf was killed and distributed among a club of eight persons, who united for that purpose. In the early life of the village, he who killed the calf, having for his portion the head as well as the loin, entertained all the villagers at his house and regaled them with calf's head soup. On another certain day, a lamb or a porker (called a shoat) was killed and divided among four families. Then eight or sixteen would unite for the purpose of killing and distributing a cow. Thus for three days in the week a supply of butcher's meat was furnished. The wants of the remaining days were furnished from the resources of the poultry houses of the planters. In the course of time a beef market was opened twice a week for the sale of that article. The veal, lamb and pork were always furnished as we have described. The Santee river being near, it might have been expected that fish would frequently find its way to the table ; but the supply was meagre and fish was always a rarity. An enterprising Yankee in the neighbourhood would have made a good business by following the occupation of a fisherman. The bream of the Santee, taken from the neighbourhood of Pineville, is one of the most delicious fish that is eaten.

Pineville was an isolated community. Situated about fifty miles from Charleston, in a part of the district remote from the great thoroughfares, and never frequented by way-faring men, it was cut off from all social intercourse with people elsewhere. When the month of June found all the villagers assembled for the summer, their feelings were somewhat analogous to those of persons who meet together on board of a ship for the purpose of making a long voyage. All commerce with the external world seemed interdicted. Entertaining an indefinable feeling of distrust of the climate of the country, they regarded their village with a sort of super-

stitious affection, and viewed as a calamity any accident which might make it necessary to spend a single night elsewhere. The air was not to be changed. Whether for better or for worse, he who commenced the season by breathing the air of Pineville, must continue to do so ; or if he left it, he should not return before autumn. It is not strange, therefore, that the sense of mutual dependence was intense.

And sweet and balmy is that Pineville air ; inviting repose, tranquillizing the troubled frame, and filling the mind with sweet and hopeful thoughts. When the lungs, vexed and harassed by the dust of the metropolis, and the cruel east winds of the coast, inhale the soft and fragrant breath of the pines, how voluptuous is the sensation of rest, of perfect repose ! How great a blessing to suffering humanity has God thus deposited in the most gloomy and desolate looking portion of his creation !

The habits of every house were alike. At sunrise breakfast was served, and the planters went out to visit their plantations. Those who owned estates in the neighbourhood did this every day ; others at intervals, greater or less, throughout the week. But whether he visited his plantation or not, the planter was generally on his horse, and inspected those plantations which were within an easy ride. Hunting also afforded the means of passing the time. Deer and foxes abound in the neighbourhood, and the Santee swamp would sometimes furnish a still more exciting sport by offering wolves and bears to the hunters. After the morning's ride was over, the post office, or the village store, was the general rendezvous and lounging place. Here politics and crops were the never-failing topics of conversation.

At one o'clock dinner was served. One old lady, who died in 1848, never dined later than half past twelve. A portion of the afternoon was always devoted to sleep. Every piazza was furnished with long benches, and these formed the rude beds on which the gentlemen invariably indulged in the luxury of the siesta.

The siesta over, and whilst the sun was still high above the horizon, the kettle would bubble for the evening refecton, and hot tea and cakes would be offered to refresh those

whose heavy sleep rendered some refreshment necessary. This early evening meal, of course, indicated that supper would close the labours of the day. And now the active duties of the day being over, and every family having refreshed themselves with tea or coffee, social life commenced. Every one came to tea prepared either to make or receive visits.

Bonnets and hats were articles of female dress which were entirely ignored in the Pineville evening visits. In attire a simple elegance prevailed. Young ladies usually dressed in white; the aged were clad in graver colours. Visits were unceremonious. The guests were received in the piazza. No one ever expected to be invited into the house, and persons might spend a season in social intercourse with the people, without seeing the interior of any house but their own. Sometimes chairs were offered to the visitors, but, more generally, the long benches with which the piazza was furnished, were the only seats. No refreshments were offered or expected. But if any one asked for a glass of water, the experienced servant would hand a sufficient number of glasses of the pure element to satisfy every one present. For the water (got from wells) was cold, clear, insipid and refreshing, and all seemed to sympathise in each other's thirst.

But though the visiting was done at night, and the piazza the reception room, the company did not sit in the dark. In front of the house, a fire of lightwood formerly, in later times of pine-straw, was kept constantly burning. The reasons for this practice were manifold. It diffused a cheerful light over the otherwise dark and gloomy lot. The smoke, too, was supposed to be conducive to health; and the light certainly attracted night flies and moths from the inferior lights of the dwelling. Around these fires the children would sport. Each little fellow would take a pride in having a little fire of his own; the larger and more daring would show their courage by leaping through the flames. Around its cheerful blaze time seemed to fly on golden wings. It was literally light to the dwelling, and a house without its yard fire appeared desolate and sorrow-stricken. It was the daily task of the hostler to collect materials sufficient to keep

the light burning until bed-time. By ten o'clock social life was over, and the repose of sleep sought. Whilst the visitor was preparing to return home, the servant lit his lantern, and with this simple, but necessary escort, she trod the streets of the village with as much security as the halls of her own mansion.

Hunting, riding and social visiting, were the several and separate amusements of the sexes in Pineville. The chief amusement of which they partook, in common, was dancing. The languid city belle, who cannot conceive of the exertion necessary to a dance in summer, except, indeed, under the exhilarating influence of a watering place, may stare ; but the unsophisticated youth of both sexes, in Pineville, regarded dancing as both proper and natural. The month of June would be devoted to feeling at home, and then, by way of making a start, the fourth of July would be celebrated by a ball. This first taste would be followed by a desire for more. During the heat of summer, parties, simple and of short duration, would be arranged by the gentlemen—a certain number, in turn, bearing the moderate expense, and acting as managers ; so as to have one every fortnight. At these parties, the company would assemble early, and by midnight all would be quiet. As summer would wane, the passion would increase. The public assemblies were found to be of too rare occurrence, and all sorts of expedients would be resorted to, for the purpose of getting up a dance. If a lady should put her patch-work quilt in the quilting frame, the young ladies would go in the evening to assist in the interesting occupation of quilting, and the young gentlemen would go to assist the latter in threading their needles. The rest may easily be guessed. In a short time, the quilting frame would disappear, and the young people would be found threading the mazes of the dance. Benevolent ladies, too, would be importuned, and not in vain, to throw open their rooms to the young people. Private parties would multiply, and the season would close with the Jockey Club Ball ; and now, all courtships being brought to a conclusion, and frost having opened the doors of the prison-

house, the village would pour out its inhabitants, and become, during the winter months, like a city of the dead.

Nothing can be imagined more simple or more fascinating than those Pineville balls. Bear in mind, reader, that we are discussing old Pineville as it existed prior to 1836. No love of display governed the preparations; no vain attempt to outshine a competitor in the world of fashion. Refreshments were provided of the simplest character, such only as the unusual exercise, and sitting beyond the usual hours of repose, would fairly warrant. Nothing to tempt a pampered appetite. Cards were usually provided to keep the elderly gentlemen quiet; and the music was only that which the gentlemen's servants could produce. The company assembled early. No one ever thought of waiting until bedtime to dress for the ball; a country dance always commenced the entertainment. The lady who stood at the head of the dancers, was entitled to call for the figure, and the old airs, *Ca Ira*, *Moneymusk*, *Haste to the Wedding*, and *La Belle Catharine*, were popular and familiar in Pineville, long after they had been forgotten, as dances, every where else. Ah, well do we remember, with what an exulting step would the young man, who had secured the girl of his choice, exhibit his powers of the poetry of motion, when his partner called for the sentimental air of *La Belle Catharine*. How proudly would he perform the *pas seul* on one side of the column, while his partner did the same on the other; how gracefully would they unite at the head of the column, to cross hands; how triumphantly would he lead her down the middle; and when the strain was closing, and the leader commenced with his bow, the prolonged rest on the final note, how full of sentiment, of grace and of courtesy, was the bow with which he would salute his fair lady! But those are scenes to be lived over in thought. No untutored imagination can conceive them. They are gone forever. Even in Pineville, they have become things which were. Time can never restore them; but so long as an old Pineville heart beats, so long will be embalmed, in the most fragrant memory, the recollection of a Pineville country dance.

The staple dance of the evening, was the cotillion. But as this so much resembles the modern quadrille, it needs no special description. And now, when a country dance, and one or two cotillions, had gently stirred up the spirits of the dancers, the signal would be given for the exhilarating reel. A six-handed reel! Come back for an instant, thou inexorable past, and bring again, before me, that most fascinating of movements! No lover now claims the hand of his beloved; this is no scene for sentiment, for soft whisper, for the gentle pressure of the thrilling hand. No; this is a dance. Your partner must be a lively, merry, laughter-loving girl; brisk, active and animated. Let none venture on it, but the genuine votaries of Terpsichore. There is no room for affected display. You must retain your self-possession, for the movement is brisk; but with self-possession, there is no fear of awkwardness. The reel is called; the sets are formed, three couple in each, who generally agree to dance together. The music commences, and off they bound. In rapid succession, we have the chase, the hey, the figure of eight, right and left, cross hands, down the middle, grand round, cross again, and off the whole party darts again, to recommence the intoxicating reel. Has your glove come off? then dance ungloved, for you have no time to put it on again; the hands must move as briskly as the feet. And as your pace quickens with intense delight, hark how the fiddlers sympathise with your joy! Their stamps become quicker—the music plays with accelerated time, and bows and fingers move with a rapidity which Paganini might envy, but could never hope to emulate. The powers of endurance are taxed to the uttermost, and set after set retire exhausted. The last set left, generally contains some unlucky wight of middle age, who ventures, once more, to enjoy the luxury of the dance. Now, how wickedly do his young companions, (his partner, the instigator,) persevere! How gaily do they strive, by keeping him on his feet, to punish his presumption, in venturing among them. But they know not that men of a certain age possess powers of endurance beyond their tender years, and after a protracted contest, find that they have caught a tartar. The company

look on, all parties deeply sympathising, and the young are, at last, obliged to acknowledge themselves vanquished.

The reel is the offspring of the genuine love of dancing. There are none of the auxiliary motives to learn its movements. No room for the gratification of vanity in the display of graceful motion—no prurient fancy to be gratified by the privilege of encircling the waist of a handsome girl, and feeling her tresses kiss your cheek, at every step she takes in the whirl of the voluptuous waltz, or in the lascivious movements of the Schottisch, which we once heard a friend blunderingly, but happily, call a *Sottise*. It is a scene of perpetual motion and good humour. No solemn face may venture on it; for laughter, gay and unconcerned, is its proper accompaniment. No soft nothings can here be whispered, for the duties of the dance require your constant attention: no graceful insouciance can be tolerated, for the comfort and happiness of others depend absolutely upon your own good behaviour, no less than upon theirs. Many persons, thinking it too fatiguing, have fancied that the Virginia reel might be a happy substitute for it. But this is long and languid. It is like diluted spirits, substituted for pure champagne. It languished, and in the phrase of an indictment, languishingly did live, until, at last, it died of its own stupidity.

The evening's entertainment was always concluded with the *Boulanger*, a dance whose quiet movement seemed to come in appropriately, in order to permit the revellers to cool off, before exposure to the night air. It was a matter of no small importance to secure a proper partner for this dance, because, by an old custom, whoever last danced with a lady, had a prescriptive right to see her home. And this reminds us of another peculiarity of Pineville life, viz: that though every family kept a carriage, nobody ever thought of returning from a ball by any other mode but on foot. No carriage was ever seen in the streets after dark. The servant, with the lantern, marshalled the way; and the lady, escorted by her partner, was conducted to her home. And, as the season drew towards a close, how interesting became these walks! how many words of love were spoken! how many

hearts saddened by the discovery of the hopelessness of an attachment ! how many persons, now living, whose destinies depended upon these walks ! To many a dancer, the *bou-langer* was a season of consciousness, of apprehension, of delight reined in, of hope and of fear ; and there are numbers still living, in whose recollections a certain dance of this description will remain indelibly fixed.

Besides regular and occasional dancing parties, riding parties would be got up to promote intercourse between the sexes ; for you must know, gentle reader, that love became an epidemic in Pineville, just like the fever, and that its exacerbations were always greatest when the season was drawing to a close. The proprietor of a plantation in the neighbourhood, would invite the young people to drive there on some afternoon, and partake of the luxuries of plantation life. Then every young man hastened to secure a partner for the drive ; and, at the appointed hour, each in his gig, (for in those days gigs were, and buggies were not,) the happy party would set off, bound on enjoyment. The amusements, on such occasions, would be such as spontaneously suggested themselves, but all was apt to terminate in the dance. And sometimes it would happen, that the eager lover, grasping at his opportunity, would pop the question on the outward drive, and if refused, the luckless wight would have to endure the mortification of the homeward drive, *tête-a-tête* with her who had rejected the offer of his love. Oh, blessed be the healing hand of time, which can make the recollection of even such scenes a source of enjoyment !

The serenade is one of the most obvious modes of paying delicate attentions to a lady ; and those who possessed musical skill frequently had their talents put in requisition by young lovers. We almost always remarked, however, the observance of a sort of rigid impartiality in the performance of this attention. If a serenading party went out, every young lady came in for her share of the compliment ; the only distinction being observed was, that the best airs, and the longest time, were devoted to those for whose favour the entertainment was specially provided.

The season was always closed by the races and the Jockey

Club ball. The St. Stephen's race course, about half a mile from Pineville, is one of the oldest and best in the State. The track runs over a level surface, and within it is a large pond, which, being drained and kept clear of trees, affords from every point an undisturbed view of the horses throughout the race. After the settlement of Pineville, the races were established for the end of October; and, as the season is then comparatively safe, lovers of sport would there meet from various parts of the country. The races, which at that time continued two days, were ushered in by a dinner and concluded by a ball. About fifty years ago, dancers of both sexes, drew lots for both places and partners, so that there was, for the first two sets at least, no liberty of choice; but the practice was discontinued too early for us to have any knowledge of it, but from tradition. The purses were altogether made up by a moderate subscription, as no money was taken at the gates; and though the subscription was general, the stakes were too moderate to tempt the cupidity of professional sportsmen; so that, I believe, no horse of distinction ever appeared on the course between the years 1794 and 1836. Since that time, the club has been remodelled, the time of meeting changed to January, the subscription increased, and the club now ranks among the most respectable in the State.

Before we quit the subject of amusements in Pineville, it is meet that we conclude by showing one of their most natural issues. Let us take you, reader, to a wedding. The spirit of improvement has pervaded every portion of the State, and a country wedding differs now very little from one celebrated in the city. A Charleston pastry cook provides the entertainment, and Brissenden's band the music. The company is invited to assemble at a late hour, and no one is expected to stay over to breakfast. But it was not so in days of yore. It was not so when we hailed as a resident of Craven county. The events of 1836 have entirely changed the aspect of society, and the difference between the period before and that since that epoch, is as great as is generally perceived in the course of a century. Before the wedding, a visit to Charleston was indispensably necessary. The bride

elect could not think of getting married, without making in person the arrangement of her trousseau. Then, a visit to Charleston was, by no means, an every day occurrence. An annual visit was common; but there were many who let years pass over without seeing the metropolis. The preparatory visit being made, and all arrangements completed, the day would be fixed and invitations extended. Several days before the wedding, the bridesmaids would assemble at the house of the betrothed, and to them was committed all the preparations for the feast. The master of the house furnished the materials, and the busy and active fingers of the bridesmaids transformed them into cakes and confections, jellies, custards, tarts, and all other dainties which the occasion demanded. The master and mistress appeared, as it were, to retire from the management of the household, and leave everything to the control of those young friends who came to attend their companion to the sacrifice, and to prepare her for it. On the evening appointed, the bridegroom (who has been denied the *entree* to the house since the arrival of the bridesmaids) arrives, the invited guests follow, and, at the hour appointed, the happy couple stand before the priest and receive the nuptial benediction. And, as soon as this is pronounced, the fiddles, which are in waiting, strike up the time-honoured air of "A Health to the Bride." Friends and relatives crowd up, to offer their congratulations and good wishes, and the poor bride is at last permitted to take her seat, sadly in doubt whether the ceremony itself, or the congratulations upon it, were the severer trial. Now the waiters appear with tea and coffee, followed up directly with wine, cake and cordials, and this over, the dancing commences.

The first groomsman opens the dance with the bride, the groom with the first bridesmaid, and, by a time-honoured custom, the air is "Haste to the Wedding." After this, the dancing continues until near midnight, when supper is announced, and the bride is led into supper by the first groomsman. The supper table is a bona fide supper table, arranged to hold all the guests. Considerable ingenuity is shown in devising a suitable form, so as to afford the greatest accommodation, and in decorating it. Towers of cake, wreaths,

ornaments of every description, may be seen, while by their side an ample provision of turkeys, of ducks, of hams, of rice, and of bread, all showing that it is not a sham, nor designed to be treated as such; wine, too, flows in abundance; in fact, the only article which appears to be scarce, is water. Toasts are drunk; jokes fly about, and all are happy, except the parties most concerned, who feel that, though happy, it is too newly to be quite at rest.

After supper, the bride disappears. She is no longer seen in the festive hall; but the music is playing, and the dancing is proceeding, and, one by one, the bridesmaids drop in, looking very mysteriously, and the dancing proceeds, not the less boisterous from being after supper; and, by degrees, the elderly folks drop off, and the groom becomes missing, and the hours wear on apace, and the dance becomes more languid, and by two or three o'clock in the morning all becomes quiet, and the parties have sought their beds, to recover strength for the duties of the following day.

And herein was exhibited the old-fashioned hospitality of the planters. Every guest was lodged for the night. Beds were arranged everywhere. If the house was too small, some outbuilding was arranged for the occasion. And, oh reader, if you were one of the young men, you would have enjoyed that night; but, if you had passed the first excitement of young blood, and were entertaining any vague conceptions of the blessing of repose, after a night of revelry, you were doomed to a cruel disappointment. Every device that ingenious youth can invent, is brought to disturb your repose. Perhaps, on entering your sleeping apartment, you find your bed suspended near the ceiling. If you succeed in depositing your wearied body, you are roused by the entrance of a gang of roistering visitors, who come to inquire after your repose. Well! we have had our share of the sport, and must not repine if we have had to witness the day, or rather the night, of retribution. In time, however, even the most restless spirits are exhausted, and, by the dawn of day, sleep comes to give repose to your wearied brow.

If your lot gives you a bed in the house, your ears are saluted, soon after dawn, by the fiddlers playing, at the door of

the nuptial chamber, the old air of "Health to the Bride," and, somehow, it happens that the groom is always the first stirring after this.

As the morning advances, the company gradually assemble in the drawing-room, and breakfast is announced. Each bridesmaid presides at a certain portion of the breakfast table, and the scene here is almost as hilarious as that of last evening's supper. After breakfast, the house becomes quiet. The gentlemen mount their horses and ride off, sometimes to hunt—at all events, to take hearty and vigorous exercise, for nothing is more conducive to dispel the effects of last night's dissipation. At two o'clock, the company re-assemble; and, on this occasion, you will find all the neighbours within visiting distance, (which may be twenty-five miles,) who are invited to partake of the festivities of the occasion. From the dinner table, the party adjourn to the ball-room, and last night's scene is repeated. On the morning of the third day, the party disperses, and the young couple is left to the enjoyment of domestic bliss.

We have already said that the citizens of Pineville were all planters. Unpretending and unambitious, they never sought distinction in the walks of public life. We hope it may not be thought invidious, if we notice, among the dead, a few of those who may be considered among the notabilities of the place.

We have had occasion, already, to introduce the name of Capt. John Palmer, the father and founder of the village. By the maternal line, he was the great-grandson of Philip Gendron, the Huguenot emigrant, who has been more than once named in this essay. His father, Mr. John Palmer, of Gravel Hill, was so distinguished for enterprise and success, in the making of turpentine, that he is known by tradition, even now, after the lapse of more than seventy years, as Turpentine John Palmer. Capt. Palmer was an active partizan, during the war of the revolution, and secured the esteem of Marion, who made him one of his aids. He was a fine model of a patriarch. Benevolent, his hand was as open as day to melting charity, but no autocrat could be more arbitrary. No one dared dispute with him, for his ar-

guments were all *ad hominem*; but, by appearing to yield, the weakest would gain their point with him. He had never been indoctrinated in the arts of logic or rhetoric, but his letters, many of which we have seen, are excellent specimens of clear good sense and pure idiomatic English. It is remarkable that this quality of style is, by no means, as common now as then, when the means of education were not so easily procurable. After struggling manfully and successfully through the gloomy and disastrous period, from the commencement of the war to the introduction of cotton, he died in 1817, aged 68 years, leaving a large number of descendants by four children, three of whom survived him.

Capt. Peter Gaillard was another of the founders of the village. He was several years the junior of Capt. Palmer, whose eldest daughter he married *en second nocces*. He possessed an ample patrimony, but in common with other wealthy men, found, that in consequence of the depressed state of the agricultural interest, and the precarious nature of the Santee swamp on which his estates lay, his wealth was only a source of expense, and ruin appeared to stare him in the face. The frequency of the freshets in Santee swamp, making it almost impossible to raise corn in it, he purchased, about the year 1794, a tract of land near Nelson's Ferry, in St. John's, Berkley, for the purpose of cultivating provisions. In that year Gen. Moultrie planted cotton on his Northampton estate, in the same parish. The next year Capt. Gaillard tried it on his new purchase, the Rocks, and found that the soil was eminently congenial. His success (Gen. Moultrie's experiment appears to have been a failure) gave an impetus to the new culture, and before the year 1800, cotton was the staple culture of those two parishes. It is about twenty years since Capt. Gaillard's death, and perhaps thirty since he retired from the pursuit of agriculture; but such was the strength of his mind, the correctness of his observations, and the soundness of his judgment, that it may be doubted whether any material improvement has been effected in the cotton culture since his time. His opinions are still quoted with respect by those who knew him, and those who never enjoyed that advan-

tage reverently embrace the traditions and ponder over them. He was a remarkably gentlemanlike looking man; one of the last who continued the use of fair-top boots. He is said to have been fond of carving with his knife, and the balustrades of his piazza bore testimony to this trait. Having built a fine new house on the Rocks plantation, he abandoned the habit, so far as the house was concerned; but a servant always brought him a cypress shingle after dinner, on which he would indulge in his favourite pursuit. He was three times married. His first wife, the only one by whom he had issue, was Miss Porcher, sister of the late Major Samuel Porcher. The second was Anna Stevens, née Palmer, widow of Oneal Gough Stevens; and his third, Caroline Theus, née Theus, widow of Mr. Theus, formerly an eminent merchant of Charleston. He left a large family of sons and daughters, and his descendants are very numerous.

Science and humanity mourned, in 1817, the untimely death of Dr. James Macbride. He was a native of Sumter District, and was educated at Yale College, where he was a contemporary of Mr. Calhoun, and of our late venerable Bishop. He engaged in the pursuit of medicine, and, settling in Pineville, married Miss Eleanor Gourdin, daughter of the Hon. Theodore Gourdin, of that village. As a physician he was eminently successful, and he was distinguished for sound judgment and a thorough knowledge of his profession. He removed to Charleston to enter upon a wider field of practice, but before he had time to reap any of the promised fruit, fell a victim to yellow fever. The opinions of Dr. Macbride are treasured, and to this day quoted with respect. He had an intuitive perception of truth; in matters which were the subjects merely of conjecture, subsequent researches have proved the accuracy of his judgments. His recreation was Botany. He was the friend and correspondent of Elliott, and assisted largely in the preparation of the Botany of South-Carolina and Georgia. Mr. Elliott acknowledged the obligation, and, in the preface to his work, has paid a touching and affectionate tribute to the memory of one who richly deserved his regard, and could fully appreciate his own ge-

nus. Dr. Macbride left a son and two daughters. His widow survived him many years, and was universally admired for the excellence of her disposition and the elegance of her manners. His son lived but to see manhood. His daughters still survive.

Among the earliest victims of that terrible malady which, for a time, depopulated Pineville, was Dr. John J. Couturier. He was a native of St. Stephen's parish, was educated at the Pineville Academy, in which afterwards he served as an assistant teacher, and succeeded to the practice of Dr. Macbride. For seventeen years he laboured assiduously in his vocation, and his zeal, his activity, his skill, and his unaffected benevolence, secured him the love and respect of a large clientage. His income was large, but hardly exceeded his expenditure; and his friends would often urge him to exact of some of his poor patients a moderate payment—if not in money, at least, in articles of country produce, which would be useful to him and convenient for them to spare. But he would never consent. He looked for payment in another world, and would always say that he had a better paymaster than any of his patients could ever be. He died in 1834. His widow, formerly Miss Palmer, daughter of John, and grand-daughter of Capt. John Palmer, and their three daughters, still survive.

Mr. Charles Stevens was one of the most respected citizens of Pineville. Feeling himself endowed with talents which he would not willingly permit to lie idle, he was admitted to the bar, and hoped to devote himself to the calling of his profession. But a cruel deafness seized him, which proved incurable, and forever destroyed his hopes. Before it had become so great as to shut him out from social intercourse, he spent two years in the occupation of teacher in the Pineville Academy, and then he engaged in commerce, and opened a store in Pineville, which, for many years, furnished the planters with their wants, and brought him wealth. His deafness increased to such an extent, that he could hear only when the speaker's mouth was applied to his ear. And yet he could always converse with ease with the members of his family. Mr. Stevens was an interested

observer of politics, and on all stirring occasions, took such an active part, by means of his pen, that, with his acknowledged abilities, he was regarded as one of the leading minds of the late Union party. Thoroughly excluded, however, from familiar intercourse with men, he lived very much in a world of his own creation, and his views of politics were better adapted to a Utopia of his own imagination, than to the actual world. He was universally beloved as well as esteemed. All his influence was directed to the cultivation of the literary tastes of his neighbours. He died in 1833. He married Susan, daughter of Mr. René Ravenel, and his widow, a son and three daughters, survived him.

In 1851, Major Samuel Porcher, the last surviving founder of Pineville, died, in the 83d year of his age. Major Porcher was educated in England, and on returning home after the war, commenced his career, as an agriculturist, on his plantation, Mexico, in St. Stephen's parish. In common with all other planters, his life was a struggle until the introduction of the cotton culture, when he adopted it, and cultivated it with great success to the end of his life. He entertained a high opinion of the value of the lands in Santee swamp. He inherited a large estate in it, and made numerous additions by purchase, all of which he determined to secure from the freshets by means of an embankment. To this work, therefore, he addressed himself, and resting his bank on the south bank of the Santee Canal, he continued it four miles down the river, where it now stands, the greatest result of private enterprise, perhaps, in the southern country. The embankment is four miles in length, its base is thirty feet, its height nine feet, and is so wide at the top that two persons may very conveniently cross each other on horseback. By means of this embankment he has reclaimed the upper portion of the swamp, which now yields large crops of corn and other grain. All that is wanting to render the work thoroughly successful, is a continuation by his neighbours, to the next bluff or headland on the river. If this were done, some of the best lands in America would be redeemed for cultivation. The major was one of the happiest, the most

amiable and the most popular men in the state. At the age of twenty-one he married his cousin, Harriet Porcher, and they lived together more than fifty years. She died in 1843. Their home was the abode of elegant and of heartfelt hospitality. In winter they were rarely without guests, and at Christmas the house seemed to overflow with company, consisting not only of their numerous descendants, but of others who, in return for unaffected kindness, voluntarily offered this grateful attention. The major was all his life subject to asthma, and he smoked incessantly. He eschewed the Spanish tobacco as a nuisance, but always had on hand a provision of several thousand American segars, which were made to his order. He was a man of great personal activity, and, in the last year of his life, managed his horse with the fearlessness and dexterity of a youth. He had lived so long with his wife, that he could hardly carry back his thoughts to the time when she was not his companion; and, after her death, he continued to speak of her as if she were still alive. He never, like many others, avoided the mention of her name. On the contrary, he took a positive pleasure in making her the subject of conversation. Her sayings and doings were spoken of as familiarly and as naturally as if she still remained at the head of her family. It ought to be mentioned, as highly creditable to both employer and overseer, that at the time of his death, his overseer, Mr. Samuel Foxworth, had lived with him in that capacity upwards of thirty years. Two sons survive the major, besides numerous other descendants by a son and daughter whom he survived.

Mr. Robert Marion, formerly a member of Congress from the Charleston District, and Mr. Theodore Gourdin, a member from the North-eastern District, both lived in Pineville. Mrs. Anna Peyre Dinnieš, now so favourably known in American literature, was also, in her youth, a resident of Pineville, and so was the late Rev. Edward Thomas, rector, formerly of the church on Edisto, afterwards of St. John's, Berkley. John Gaillard, who, so many years, represented the State in the Senate of the United States, and Judge

Gaillard, were both natives of St. Stephen's, but never, I believe, residents of Pineville.*

Among the lions of Pineville, was John Wall, an Irishman by birth, who lived there in the capacity of factor or general agent for Mr. Theodore Gourdin. He was an old, weather-beaten man, with a great deal of irascibility, tempered with a large stock of benevolence. His predominating idea was, attachment to the interest of his patron. He always wore his hair in a *queue*, and on Sundays, would appear at church in knee breeches and silk stockings. His veins, which age had enlarged, would show themselves through his stockings, and the irreverent boys would point to them in ridicule, believing, that, in order to give more dignity to his shrunk calves, he had stuffed them with paper. He was useful to the public, by discharging the duties of a magistrate, and when Mr. Gourdin's influence promoted Pineville to the rank of a post town, Mr. Wall was appointed the postmaster. He had the reputation of being a miser, but we believe he hoarded only for his patron. Mr. Gourdin was a man full of many schemes, which were not very profitable, and Mr. Wall was said to have been never so happy

* Craven county may enumerate, among her notabilities, the notorious David Hines. This person has been the subject of two biographies, one of which is, we believe, written by himself. We have never read either of them; but the last happening to fall into our hands, during a disengaged hour, we skimmed over a few of the introductory pages, and found them a tissue of falsehoods. He was born in St. Stephen's parish; his father was a poor, but worthy and inoffensive, man; of his mother, we cannot be certain of any information, and choose, therefore, to be silent. He first appeared before the public, as a rider at one of the Pineville races, when being thrown from his horse, considerable interest was excited in his behalf. He got employment on the plantation of Mr. John Palmer, of Maham's, in the humble capacity of cow-minder, and soon after, was charged with the commission of a forgery, the trial for which resulted in his acquittal, but led the way to a subsequent extensive acquaintance with the Court of Sessions. He has no pretensions whatever, to the title of M. D., which he assumes. We have always considered his career as a proof of the extreme gullibility of the American people. He has assumed, with success, the best names in the State, without possessing the manners, the address, or even the external appearance of a gentleman; and he is destitute of all talents, requisite for the profession of a rogue, except that of matchless effrontery.

as when his patron was prevented from intermeddling in his own business, by his avocations in Washington, as a member of Congress. The mutual attachment of the benevolent patron and the humble factor, reflected the brightest credit upon each. Mr. Gourdin bequeathed to him an annuity as a token of his sense of the value of his services, but the devoted friend did not enjoy his munificence. He survived his patron but a few months, and appeared to die of a broken heart, lamenting the only man he ever loved.

Before we bring this long and desultory sketch to a close, the nature of the subject appears to call for some remarks respecting health and disease. It was the search after health, which led to the settlement of Pineville, and it was the prevalence long continued, of a fearful malady, which, in 1836, drove the inhabitants to seek refuge elsewhere.

Whoever will consult Mouzon's map of St. Stephen's District, and compare it with the aspect which a map of the same region, if now constructed, would present, will naturally inquire, to what causes such a melancholy contrast is to be attributed. In the palmy days of this parish, the fourteen miles of road, which we described at the commencement of this sketch, as leading from the canal to the church, passed in sight of upwards of twenty plantations. And such is the depth of the swamp, and so great was the demand for its valuable lands, that many more were to be found in the interior which were not seen from the road. The first cause of this desolation, is to be found in the frequency and the irregularity of the freshets in the Santee river, which have reduced the garden of the state to an absolute wilderness. A few of the names on Mouzon's map, are extinct; but the greater part may still be found in St. John's Berkley, between Monck's Corner and the Eutaw Springs. Before the introduction of the cotton culture, the lands of this last parish were held in very little esteem. Mr. Philip Porcher had four sons, to whom he left plantations, and he was accustomed to lament the lot of him who had only a place in St. John's. That was the only son who was not compelled to quit his patrimony. The three others,

who were left to the inheritance of Santee lands, were all obliged to abandon them, and seek in St. John's the means of making cotton.

How far the unhealthiness of the country may have contributed to its depopulation, it is difficult to say. Our own opinion is, that the insalubrity of our climate has been greatly exaggerated. Nothing is more certain, than that we readily accommodate ourselves to a given standard of health, and scarcely desire any improvement on it. The tone of sentiment on this subject, as well as on others, is, in a great measure, derived from the metropolis, and just in proportion as the sanitary condition of Charleston has improved, does that of the surrounding country appear to have deteriorated. We have seen letters written from Somerton plantation, in midsummer, 1725, in which the writer speaks of having retired thither from the insalubrious climate of Charleston. We have heard the late Mr. Daniel Webb say, that when a child, he was carried from Charleston to the neighbourhood of Eutaw, for the benefit of his health. And it was a common practice, for the late Mrs. Plowden Weston, and her sister, Mrs. William Mazyck, to pay an annual visit every midsummer, to the plantation of their brother, Mr. Philip Porcher—a great inducement then, being a retreat from the summer heat of the city, and the enjoyment of the luxuries of plantation life at that season. This gentleman died on his plantation, on Santee swamp, in 1800, at the advanced age of seventy. At one period of his life, he had lived in Charleston, but for several years he resided entirely on his plantation; and we have often heard it said, that though within six miles of the village, and having built houses there, for several of his children, he never saw Pineville. Mr. Edward Thomas, who died at the age of ninety, is said to have spent forty years without once quitting his plantation. It becomes, therefore, an interesting inquiry, what was the state of public health—what advantage was gained by the settlement of Pineville, and at what price.

The bane of this parish, like that of every portion of America, south and west of the Hudson river, was, and is, the intermittent fever of the autumnal months. This,

when of frequent occurrence, becomes habitual, is attended with enlargement of the spleen, a tendency to dropsy, and a general prostration of the moral and intellectual, as well as of the physical man. This disorder was, perhaps, not more malignant in St. Stephen's than elsewhere; but nature had kindly furnished an asylum wherein the ague-stricken patient might breathe in safety—recover from his malady, and enjoy the blessing of health, both of mind and of body. This asylum is the pine land. Here is enjoyed an exemption from intermittent fevers.

But this exemption is purchased at a price which is often fatal. In proportion to the salubrity of the climate, is the danger attending exposure to one less healthful. And the price of exposure, is not merely a simple and teasing intermittent; but a fever, sharp, severe, dangerous and frequently fatal. Few kinds of fever can be named more dreaded by the people of Charleston, than the fever which is there found under the name of country fever; and yet, we have often heard Dr. Couturier declare, that he had never seen a case of it in the whole range of his extensive practice. Equally dreaded and equally fatal is the myrtle fever, of Sullivan's Island; and yet, no where do we find a higher enjoyment of health, than in Charleston and on the Island, the seats of these dreaded enemies. These are the price which the people pay for exposure, and a price of the same kind is exacted everywhere else. So, when the people of Pineville would be alarmed by the visitation of a hot and agonizing fever, which threatened, if not speedily arrested, to terminate fatally, the people of the surrounding country would have no ailments of a more alarming character than the ordinary intermittent of the climate. Now, so highly do we value the sensation of perfect health, that in order to enjoy it, we would run the risk of incurring even a worse penalty than country fever. But any violation of the condition of its enjoyment—that is, any exposure at improper seasons, and under unfavourable circumstances—renders one liable to be called upon to endure the penalty. It must be confessed, however, that even when no violation had been offered to the conditions, not only Pineville, but every other pine land, has pre-

sented sporadic cases of fevers. There are persons so sensitively and ridiculously alive to the reputation of a place for health, that no case of fever can occur without the cause being diligently investigated : and this ascertained, how frivolous soever it may be, the poor patient is allowed to die as soon as he may. And it is astonishing how frivolous are the causes which are sometimes gravely assigned and believed. Thus, we remember when the first case of yellow fever made its appearance in Charleston, in 1839, it was said that the young man, its victim, had neglected to provide himself with a sufficient number of towels on going to the bath, and was consequently obliged to spend some time in damp clothes. It never occurred to these good people, that if such a trivial neglect could produce such fatal consequences, it would argue a deadliness of climate, which ought to make every one, who has it in his power, abandon it at once and forever. And we could not but remember how, when a school boy, we used to run two miles to Maham's mill pond, and on Saturday, spent the whole morning there in the luxurious bath, and no one ever dreamed of a luxury in the shape of a towel, beyond our ordinary handkerchiefs. The truth is, that diseases, fevers particularly, come from God ; to what end, we know not precisely, but a good one, we may be certain. If there were no fevers provided for us, we would be deprived of one of the means of quitting this world ; and it is worse than useless to speculate upon the causes which, in every case, and we believe we may say, in *any* case, generate this disorder.

A pretty extensive observation has convinced us, that we know absolutely nothing of the causes of fever. We have seen overseers living, year after year, in the rice fields of Cooper river, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of perfect health. *These instances are too common to be marked as exceptions.* We have generally observed that those overseers are least sickly, who are required to spend their summers on the plantation. We have known others, who preserved their health until they resorted to the pine-lands. In such cases, our *rationale* of the cause is this : The overseer must be on the plantation late in the evening, and early in the morning.

If he lives on the plantation, he has no occasion to rise before his usual hour ; if he retires to a pine-land, he must abstract from sleep that portion of time which is occupied in going to, and returning from, the plantation. Now, the summer nights are very short, and though one may, without inconvenience, dispense with a half-hour's sleep, on any given occasion, yet this trifling amount tells in the aggregate, and the climate has full opportunity to work upon the exhausted body. As a general rule, too, the overseers are generally more healthy, whether living on plantations or in pine-lands, than men of the same class, living on their own pine-land farms. A more generous diet enables them to resist, more effectually, the effects of the climate ; and, we believe, that any planter, who keeps a good table, and enjoys it in moderation ; who will not drink too much wine, or other stimulating liquors ; and who will not suffer his spirits to be depressed by the ominous croakings of his friends, may pass the summer on his plantation, if not in perfect health, at least, with no visitation more fearful than the intermittent fever of the climate. The late Dr. Charles Rutledge spent the summer of 1800 on Accabee plantation, and his family enjoyed perfect health. In 1839, when the yellow fever raged in Charleston, and the citadel was full of pestilence, Major Parker removed his family, in midsummer, to the Martello towers, and they all enjoyed perfect health there. Other cases may, without much trouble, be enumerated, all going to prove, not that the climate has changed, as our people so rashly assert, but that the city has become more healthful, and that our people have a greater fear of fever than formerly. The great danger to be apprehended, is not the remittent fever, which proceeds, by rapid stages, to a fatal crisis, but the slow and lingering intermittent. As we have before said, it is the repetition of these attacks which breaks down the man. They tell fearfully, too, upon children, who have not the strength to bear up against their ravages. They get ague cakes, and smiles and laughter no longer play about their little faces, and they know nothing of the joys and sports of childhood, and their melancholy countenances prey upon your spirits, as you behold their list-

less tawny faces; and, at last, God, in his mercy, takes them to himself, and they trouble this world no more. It is the child, therefore, who has special cause to bless the benevolence which provides the pine-lands. There, they feel the balmy air, as it kisses their cheeks, and it seems the breath of God, inviting them to be happy, and laughter and childish glee fill the air with their hopeful and heart-reviving sounds. And let not the carping critic point to the tomb-stones which cluster about the cemeteries of our country, and show how many have died in childhood, and in the prime of manhood, even under the favouring influence of the pine-land air. Regard not their death. That is the debt of nature. But look to their lives. If they were happy in life, there is little to be regretted in their death. But we must return to Pineville.

Though seasons would occur, in which sickness and death would make their appearance in forms more appalling than usual, yet there was generally this consolation, that the rest of the country was equally the subject of the visitation. Thus, in 1817 and in 1819, the village was clad in mourning, but disease and death were making hurried strides everywhere else. In the meantime, all the usual appliances for preserving the public health were adopted. The ponds were drained, the ditches kept open, trees encouraged to grow, yard fires kept up every night, and, when the village had entered upon its fortieth year, its inhabitants fondly hoped that it was the abode of as much health as Providence deigns award to man. It was in autumn, 1833, that the first cases of that malady occurred, which drove away the people. A gentleman, we believe it was Mr. John Ravenel, was sick. The season was uncommonly dry, and the swamps exhaled offensive vapours; his daily rides led him by one of these, and he was supposed to have been poisoned by its exhalations. But, he was not alarmingly ill. His fever appeared to intermit, and men began to inquire whether fever and ague was to be one of the diseases of the village. And those who were not connected with him by any ties of intimacy, almost, perhaps quite, forgot that he was sick, when, suddenly, a rumour flies through the village, that he is dying. And it was even so. The insidious fever, after amusing his victim for



some days, and lulling his friends into a fatal sense of security, suddenly seized him with a rigour so intense, that neither the patient's strength could resist it, nor mortal skill successfully oppose it, and before the hot fit could come on, he was dead. Another case, of a similar character, occurred, and the people gratefully welcomed the benignant frost, which stopped the progress of the fever, and opened the doors of their prison-house. The next summer, 1834, the fever returned; and, in that and the two succeeding summers, it continued its ravages, until the most sanguine became desponding, and the village was almost totally deserted.

And, as no cause could be assigned for the fearful visitation, so health again mysteriously returned to its ancient abode. By slow degrees, the deserted houses again received their tenants. Men began to forget their former terrors, and returned; and Pineville is again the abode of a number of planters. The prestige of its ancient fame still remains, to give it a sort of metropolitan character over the neighbouring villages of Pinopolis, Eutawville, New Hope, and others, which have sprung up, like ancient colonies, cherishing the sacred fires from the hearth of the maternal state. It justly boasts of its delicious shades, of its clear, cool and refreshing water, but it no longer claims a monopoly of health. And, while other villages flourish in its neighbourhood, and the communication with Charleston has become more easy, the sense of isolation, which once gave its people a peculiar characteristic, no longer is felt, and they have become cosmopolitan. The old times have gone, never to return; and, it is to call back the memory of the first fifteen years of our life, and of the two which followed our accession to manhood, that we have made this humble attempt to depict scenes which, though perhaps faded, can never be forgotten.

F. A. P

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